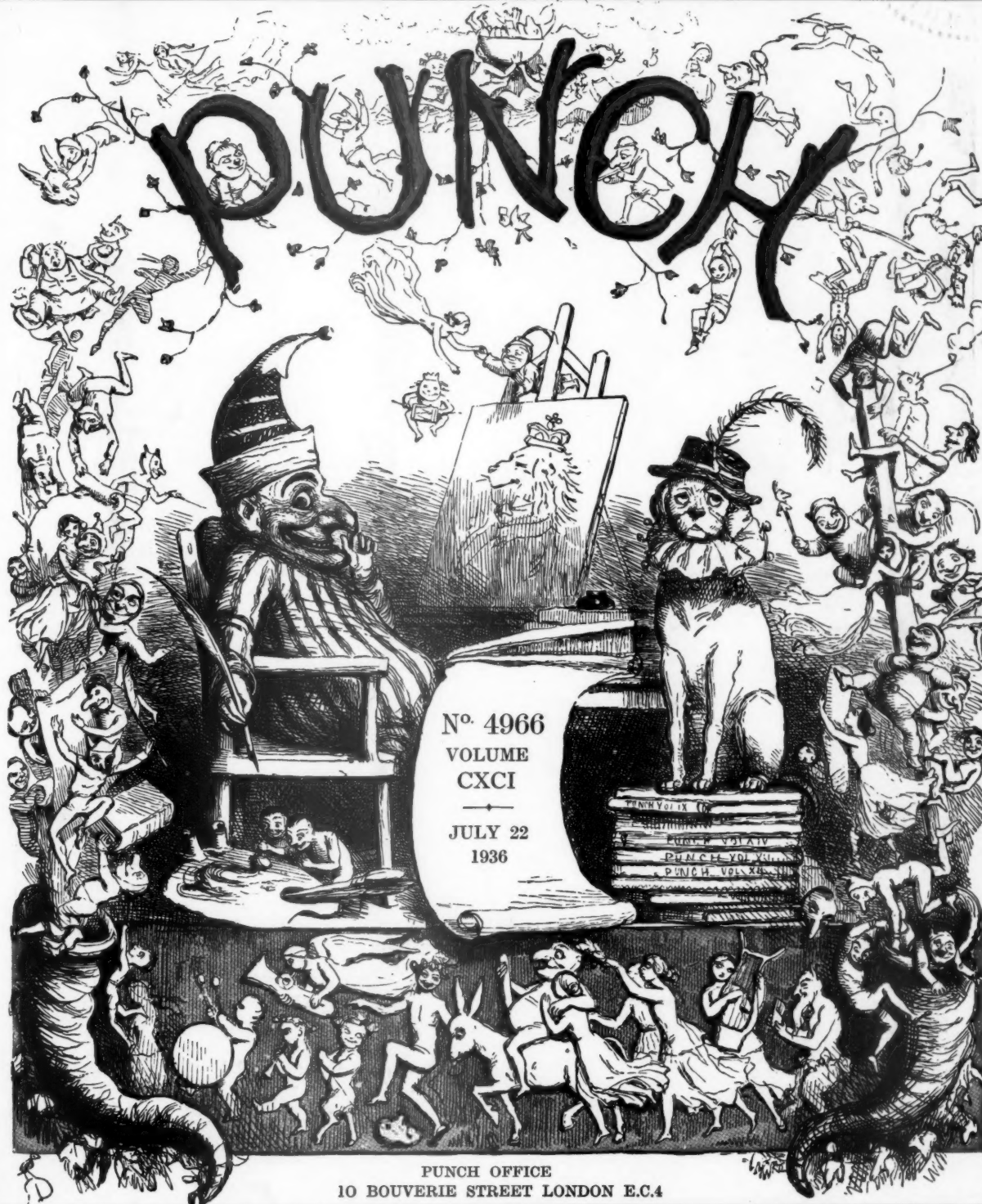


Cadbury's **BOURN-VITA**
FOR DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY



Nº 4966
VOLUME
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JULY 22
1936

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Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland:
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Charivaria.

A NIGHT-CLUB proprietor found that men he had invited into his premises were police officers. They have reciprocated his hospitality.

★ ★ ★

A box of lemons has disappeared from a London shop. The answer was a burglar.

★ ★ ★

A Chelsea man who paints futurist portraits has never shaved, and has a hair-cut twice a year. In all other respects he's just the ordinary straggling young artist.

★ ★ ★

"A pretty woman is better than a tonic," says a writer. Ask the chemist who makes them up.

★ ★ ★

It is stated that the Republic of San Marino, the only State to recognize Italy's annexation of Abyssinia, could easily be put into the Lake of Geneva. If only one could say the same about MUSSOLINI!

★ ★ ★

Incidentally, San Marino is officially still at war with Austria and Germany. So here is a ready-made chance for the League to reinstate itself by stepping in and determining the aggressor.



★ ★ ★

"England must have new bowlers," says a Sunday paper news-bill. Some people, on the other hand, think that what she needs almost more are a few tin-helmets.

★ ★ ★

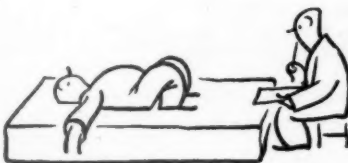
A scientist says that man is the only animal that laughs. This should amuse the hyæna.

★ ★ ★

It is claimed that a new spectacle-lens can be hit with a hammer, dropped 100 feet, and jumped on without breaking. Why not let the Post Office have a try at it?

★ ★ ★

According to a writer on hygiene, if on rising in the morning you stand in your pyjamas before the open window and slap your chest with both hands for several minutes, you will get rid of that sluggish morning feeling. This will leave you free to concentrate on getting rid of the sluggish morning crowd that has collected in the street below.



E

Green peas have done well this year. There has also been some grand weather for ducks.

★ ★ ★

A seaside pierrot performance was interrupted by loud claps of thunder. The gratified performers bowed their acknowledgments.

★ ★ ★

Three thousand runners in relays are carrying the Olympic Torch from Greece to Berlin for the opening of the Games. It would be rather pleasant to stop one and ask for a light.

★ ★ ★

A blue-nosed whale has been washed ashore at a seaside resort. The local authorities are trying to trace the origin of a strange rumour that the water is too cold for bathing.

★ ★ ★

In a new Berlin play loud-speakers announce and describe the characters—but not, as in London, from the row immediately behind one.

★ ★ ★



The ex-Governor of one of our large prisons maintains that even the most hardened criminal can be made to realize that crime does not pay. Provided of course that he's given time.

★ ★ ★

"Books that help in furnishing problems," says an item. Our bank pass-book furnishes all the problems we need.

★ ★ ★

"Beware of a man with too genial a voice," advises a psychologist. There may easily be a cadge in it.

★ ★ ★

In the Arctic Circle a night lasts for six months. In the best night-clubs guests taking leave of their hosts at the beginning of February explain that they have to be at the office extra early in April.

★ ★ ★

With increasing road traffic the old riddle has had to be amended to "Why does a chicken cross half the road?"

★ ★ ★

A clergyman reminds us that there are no easy jobs in this world. Even the tester in a mattress factory doesn't have the mattresses brought to him.

The Menace of Poets.

MR. BALDWIN, the well-known Prime Minister, is reported to have addressed the Congress of the Universities of the British Empire (a fine lot of Fellows) in these terms:

"I always feel that one of the tragedies of the world is the way in which the Devil is using the discoveries of the chemist for the destruction of mankind. No poet has done that."

So far, it seems to me, the PREMIER's reasoning is sound. Try as I may I cannot recall a single instance of a poet using the discoveries of chemists for any purpose whatever, let alone the destruction of mankind. AESCHYLUS used the discovery of the cothurnus to increase the height of his actors, and, rather later, other poets have used the discovery of the unconscious to complete the discomfiture of their public; but these things seem to me to fall into a different category. Certainly neither the cothurnus nor the unconscious were discovered by chemists. But what are we to say of Mr. BALDWIN when he goes on, "I do not think many of them (viz., poets) did much harm in their lives"?

Take the case of the poet Uggleton.

The poet Uggleton was none of your fame-seekers. It mattered little to him whether his verses appeared in *The Mercury* or *The Burstingthorpe Parish Magazine*. They did, as a matter of fact, all appear in the latter publication; and we of Burstingthorpe counted ourselves exceedingly lucky in the circumstance. "It is not every village," we used to tell each other, "that has its Uggleton."

This is not the time to embark upon an exhaustive critique of the poet Uggleton nor to attempt to estimate the place that he will one day hold among the great poets of the world. It must be enough to say that he tended, in line with some of the most distinguished of his profession, to write about nature. Birds and flowers were meat and drink to Uggleton. Probably no flower and certainly no bird known to British Natural Historians remained altogether unnoticed during the thirty-six years in which Uggleton contributed verses to *The Burstingthorpe Parish Magazine*. He hymned them all with a fine impartiality. So that Burstingthorpians, opening their magazines one sunny morning, discovered without surprise and certainly with no sense of impending catastrophe a poem from his facile pen entitled (if I remember rightly):

"FEATHERS AT SUNSET."

It began:

*"Magpies flutter in the trees,
There are peewits overhead;
Here upon the scrannel leas
Whinchats whistle round my bed."*

There were some fifteen more verses in the poem, introducing with equal effect a great number and variety of British birds, but we are here concerned only with the first. In it you have Uggleton at his best. Purists might object—one or two in the village did in fact object—that the use of the word "scrannel" cannot here be justified; but Uggleton's reply that he had looked it up in his dictionary and found "reedy" given as one of its meanings was everywhere accepted as satisfactory. This point settled, the verse, and the poem as a whole, appeared to merit nothing but praise.

Imagine, then, the Vicar's astonishment when he received, in his capacity as editor of the Parish Magazine, the following extraordinary letter.

DEAR SIR,—I write to demand an immediate and un-

qualified apology for the insulting reference to my family in the latest number of your magazine. I allude, I need hardly say, to the phrase used by your tuppenny-ha'penny versifier Uggleton, "Whinchats whistle round my bed."

In so far as this refers either to my wife or my two daughters it constitutes a most damaging reflection upon their personal honour, or, at the least, their decorum; as regards myself, it is an impertinence to which I am not the man to submit.

Let me tell you, Sir, that we Whinchats are not in the habit of whistling; nor, if we were, should we choose to do so round Uggleton's bed.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR WHINCHAT (*I.C.S. Ret.*).

It was hardly to be expected that the Vicar would keep this astounding development to himself, and the affair was widely discussed in the village. Popular feeling was practically solid for the poet, and it was felt on all sides that the Vicar's reply—in which he pointed out that the whinchat is a well-known, though small, British bird, that its possession of a capital letter in the line complained of was due merely to an accident of position, and further that the word "bed" in this context was used poetically as an equivalent of "grassy couch" and therefore conveyed little or no suggestion of impropriety—erred if anything on the side of moderation.

Mr. Whinchat's rejoinder was to the effect that these observations had better be incorporated in the apology to be printed in next month's issue of the Parish Magazine.

Uggleton himself maintained a profound and (we agreed) dignified silence about the whole matter, until the appearance of the next Number, in which he wrote:—

"TO ONE WHOM I HAVE OFFENDED.

*Sir, since you found cause to flinch at
Last month's reference to the whinchat,
Let me now retract what I have said,
Whinchats do not whistle round my bed."*

The publication of this reply split the hitherto harmonious population of Burstingthorpe from top to bottom. A sense of keen disappointment with Uggleton drove many of his supporters into the Whinchat camp. Some felt that he had lowered himself by replying at all, others that the apology was not in the best of taste; but by far the heaviest count against him was on poetic grounds. Uggleton, people said, had not been true to his art. How could one continue to regard a man's utterances as inspired when he followed them up almost immediately with a flat contradiction? It was as if KEATS, having written "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," had put out a poem next week beginning "A thing of beauty's not a joy for ever." You didn't know where you were.

Feeling in the village began to run high. Mrs. Ayling, a pro-Uggleton, was cut by the Boulbys; the Penderbys ceased to take tea with the Thompsons; outrages were of almost daily occurrence. Uggletonians took to whistling after the Whinchats whenever they appeared in public, while the Whinchat faction did not hesitate to scrawl "24d. versifier" on the poet's door-posts. In short, Burstingthorpe, from being the quietest, most friendly little community in all the South Country, became a hot-bed of scandal, disunion and intrigue. The resignation of the Vicar, the removal of Uggleton to the neighbouring parish of Dillwash, and the mutilation by an unknown hand of Whinchat's laurels are now matters of history.

If these facts do not convince the PRIME MINISTER that poets sometimes do a good deal of harm I do not know what will. Unless perhaps it is the case of the poet Higbottle.

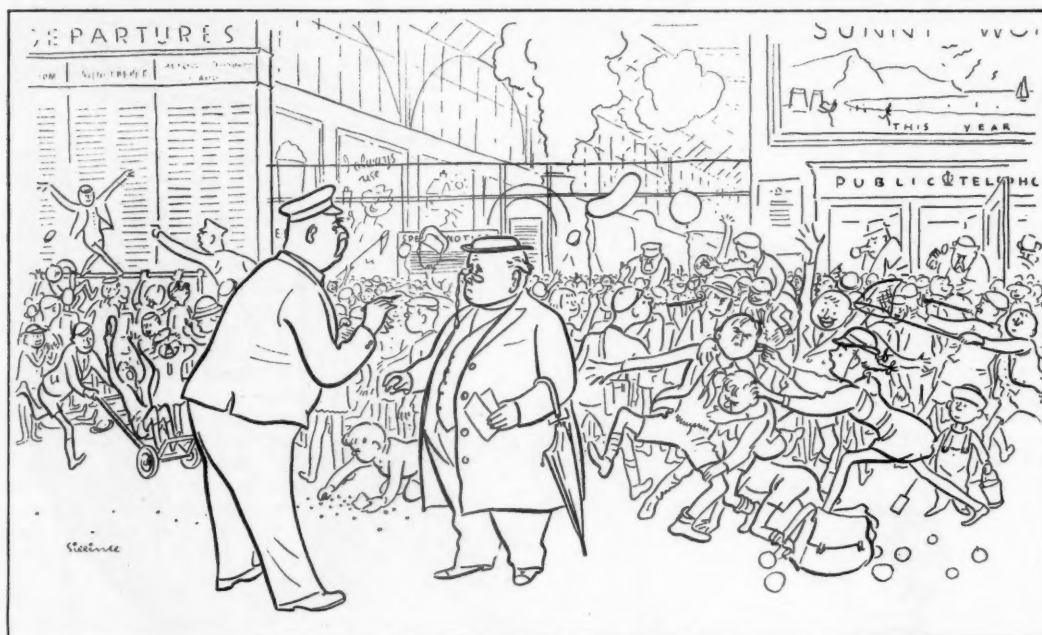
H. F. E.



"AND WHAT WILL POOR DOBBIN DO THEN?"

PEGASUS. "THANK YOU FOR THE KIND WORDS, BUT WHAT IF THERE'S AS LITTLE IN THE BUCKET AS THERE IS IN THE BAG?"

[Addressing the Congress of the Universities of the British Empire at Cambridge on July 14th, the Prime Minister appealed to the Universities to produce more poets.]



"ARE YOU ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS?"

Visiting Mrs. Vestibule.

It was Anne who insisted on going to Mrs. Vestibule. There is only one hotel at Porthcrawling, and that has about it the faintly aggressive air and the smug self-satisfaction usually associated with monopolists. Moreover, the head-waiter wore a white tie, and as Anne pointed out, the whole object of coming to Porthcrawling was to escape from head-waiters, white ties, and all their works.

Let me say at once that we never at any time regretted coming to Mrs. Vestibule. She may not have worn a white tie, and Mr. Vestibule (seen only in glimpses) apparently did not go in for ties at all. But she gave us vast quantities of the sort of food which one eats ravenously on holiday and at no other time, and slept us softly and cleanly. Her only weakness was a tendency to be macabre about the local bathing, on the strength of one unfortunate who, some fifteen years before, had gone in with a heavy sea running and had come out five months later on the further side of the bay.

It was only on our last morning, when, packed and ready to go, we came down to breakfast, that the blow fell. I came in to find Anne gazing with troubled brow at a massive volume.

"I say," she said rather nervously, "what do we do about this?"

"About what?"

"The Visitors' Book. Mrs. Vestibule's just brought it in for us to do."

"Oh, that's all right," I said cheerfully—"just stick our names and addresses in it, I suppose."

Anne shook her head. "No. You don't understand. It isn't *that* sort of visitors' book at all. Apparently everybody writes things about her and the place and so on. Look."

I looked. "Sort of autograph album," I said doubtfully.

"More that sort of thing," Anne agreed.

"Well, then, turn to the last page and put:

*'By hook or by crook
I'll be last in your book.'*

Or else put in a blot on a page and write 'A Lovely Spot' underneath. That's what you do with autograph albums. My sister had one when we were kids."

"No, I don't think that would do either," said Anne, being difficult. "It's got to be some sort of—of testimonial."

I took the Visitors' Book and turned over the pages.

"Here you are then. 'Very comfortable and hope to come again. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chink.' How about that? Adequate and refined."

"But very standoffish," said Anne doubtfully. "It sounds all right by

itself, but if you read some of the others that one seems almost insulting. Look up W. Glasper and Party."

"Where?"

"Anywhere. He's on almost every page. I should think he almost lives here."

"June last year," I read. "Here we are again, happy as can be. All good friends and jolly good company. W. Glasper and Party's best thanks to Mrs. Vestibule for a jolly week pub-crawling in Porthcrawling."

"You see?" said Anne.

"I do. I can visualize W. Glasper and Party. I fancy W. Glasper plays the ukulele. Or perhaps one of the Party plays the ukulele and W. Glasper only sings."

"Here he is again," said Anne, "in August. 'We turned up like the bad penny and Mrs. Vestibule turned up trumps. Good-bye, Mrs. Vestibule. Abyssinia again soon. W. Glasper and Party.'"

I shook my head. "We seem to have picked on one of the few times when W. Glasper and Party weren't in residence. But surely he's exceptional?"

"Not very," said Anne. "There seem to be two techniques in writing in visitors' books. Light verse, as W. Glasper, and blank verse. Listen to this. 'My wife and I have spent a delicious fortnight in this secluded Cornish beauty spot, by day basking in the sun, listening to the whisper of

the surf, and at evening returning to the warmth and light of Mrs. Vestibule's hospitable home. We go, but there will always be a corner in our hearts for Porthercrawling. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. J. le M., Sandwich."

"I know, I know," I said scornfully. "Demanded a packed lunch every day, and did water-colours of the Point."

"Very probably. But there's nothing really between that and:

'Three of us came to stay in Porthercrawling,

Mrs. Vestibule was kind though the weather was appalling;

And next summer when we have our summer holidays,

We'll come again and spend some very jolly days.

Yours sincerely Mr. and Mrs. Banks and Kathleen Banks."

"Personally," I said firmly, "I see no reason for verse—light, blank or free. I'm all for 'Very comfortable. C. Chink.'"

"But, darling," said Anne wretchedly, "she told me about them. Apparently the Chink woman lost her wrist-watch and more or less accused Mrs. Vestibule of stealing it. That's why they only put that in the book. And she has been very kind, so I wouldn't like her to feel . . ."

There was a dispirited pause. "Well, well," I said at last, with forced cheerfulness, "let's get on and have breakfast. Perhaps we shall think of something."

* * * * *
After breakfast I went out to strap a few etceteras in insecure places on the car. Anne was still gazing thoughtfully at the Visitors' Book. At last, however, when everything was on board and I was hooting impatiently, she came running out of the house and climbed in with the beaming smile of one who has solved one of Life's Problems.

"Well?" I said, as we took the Launceston road, "did you think of anything to put?"

Anne nodded. "I just put our names and addresses and wrote: 'We greatly enjoyed Mrs. Vestibule's hospitality.'"

"But surely that was no better than C. Chink?"

Anne smiled. "I thought of that," she said with gentle pride, "so I added, '—and all our valuables were intact at the end.'"

The Good-for-Nothing.

My love for mild-and-bitter beer
(For malt does more than bubbly can)

Cut short a promising career
As an enlightened publican.
A minor weakness in technique
Undid me as a greengrocer:
Despite my skill with sprout and leek
I could not make the bean grow, Sir.

Next, ardent of a nobler prize,
I took to selling spectacles
Designed to furnish a disguise
For when the tax-collector calls;
But every customer I had
Was somewhat prone to criticize—
He said they made his hearing bad,
He claimed they did not fit his eyes.

An unexpected stroke of Fate
Then placed me in the Cabinet;
I yearned to row the Ship of State,
And catch my humble crab in it;
But when success my hopes had crowned
And seen me made Prime Minister,
I ran the Ship of State aground
Just westwards of Cape Finisterre.

I thus was driven to decide
That things could not be worse if I
Forgot my overweening pride
And stayed at home to versify.
I frankly don't know why they should,
But several well-known Pressy men
Have said my stuff is rather good.
I send this little specimen.



"HAVE YOU READ MUCH GEORGE BERNARD SHAW?"
"NO, I HAVEN'T, BUT I THINK I KNOW WHO YOU MEAN."

The Bogchester Chronicles.

The Big-Game Hunt.

"Is everything ready, Meadows? We shall have the cold salmon first, followed by the lamb cutlets. And see to it that there are plenty; Major Plugge-Ugleigh will be expecting a good dinner after six months in the African jungle."

"Tell Henry to be at the door at eight-thirty sharp to drive us to the circus ground afterwards. It is not often that we have a circus and an African explorer to comment on it in Bogchester at the same time; so we must see to it that we are not late."

At this moment there comes the sound of a car arriving in the drive, and shortly afterwards Meadows ushers in Sir George Gorge accompanied by the powerful square-jawed figure of Major Plugge-Ugleigh, the distinguished African hunter, who is now staying with him after returning from the jungle. The latter, with his solar topi and dinner-jacket stained, as he afterwards explains, with the marks of a hundred camp-fire dinner-parties, has a picturesque and impressive appearance, which is accentuated by his instinctive habit of looking under the chairs for snakes before sitting down.

The remaining members of the party are now announced, and it seems that both of them are deeply interested in big-game hunting. Miss Stiggins has a cousin who has lately



"MAJOR PLUGGE-UGLEIGH INSTINCTIVELY LOOKS UNDER CHAIRS FOR SNAKES."

gone out to East Africa, and Mrs. Gloop's husband, as she is constantly reminding us, often used to shoot at crocodiles during a trip up the Congo in 1905.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

But just as we are settling down to dinner and Major Plugge-Ugleigh is describing his method of lassoing giraffes, there comes a startling interruption. Meadows bursts into the room in a state of the wildest excitement. "A lion has escaped!" he cries breathlessly. "They have rung up from the circus to say that they are sending up some men to beat through the grounds. But I have told them not to worry as we have got a gentleman here who is used to catching lions."

"That was very foolish of you, Meadows," I reply, unmoved. "Major Plugge-Ugleigh is a hunter, not a lion-tamer. See that all the windows are fastened and leave the rest to the circus."

"No, no," cries Major Plugge-Ugleigh, rising to his feet. "It is part of the Code that any hunter shall go to the help of the natives when they are troubled by lion—whether in Bogchester or Bonga Bonga."

Thereupon this dauntless man proceeds to take charge of the situation, and with a few curt orders sketches out a plan of campaign.

"Assemble all the menservants in this room. Issue a rifle and ten rounds of ammunition to each man. Detail off a party to guard the ladies. The rest—follow me!"



"IT SEEMS THAT THE LION HAS FALLEN INTO OUR TRAP."

"I am afraid there aren't any menservants except Meadows," I reply apologetically, "and I don't suppose he would be much use. And there aren't any rifles either—only a couple of shot-guns."

"Not a rifle in the house?" demands Major Plugge-Ugleigh in exasperation. "Never mind, bring the shot-guns. It is lucky for us that I have brought my revolver with me."

A RESOURCEFUL PLAN.

With these words, in spite of the cry of alarm from Mrs. Gloop, he flings open the French windows and invites me to explain the lie of the land.

"The hen-run is the obvious key to the situation," he declares when he has heard my description. "No doubt the circus-hands will be beating the woods beyond. They will be wasting their time. The lay-out is very similar to that of Upper N'Gumtri, a district which is also much troubled with lion. Time after time the natives of that village will collect a hen-run full of chickens in preparation for a lion-killing feast and then go off into the jungle to look for the lion. And every time, as soon as they have gone, the lion will settle down in the village and live on the chickens until they get back. I have never been able to convince those poor savages that they would do better to wait quietly in the village for the lion to come to them. The circus people will probably make the same mistake, and it is very lucky indeed that I am here."

At this point Meadows reappears carrying the shot-guns at arm's length. Sir George quickly volunteers to guard the ladies—despite my suggestion that Major Plugge-Ugleigh is, after all, his friend, and might prefer his company. Sir George replies that they are, after all, my grounds. But the discussion is cut short by Major Plugge-Ugleigh handing me one of the guns and ordering me to follow him.

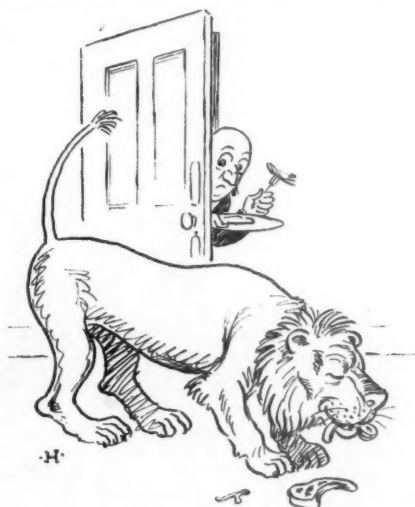
It is a clear moonlit night as we make our way across the paddock to the hen-house. Away in the distance the cries of the beaters can already be heard coming from the woods on the sky-line. Major Plugge-Ugleigh laughs contemptuously as he quietly opens the hen-house door and orders me to watch it while he skirmishes through the copse on our left.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE LION.

Very soon after he has gone it occurs to me that I should get a better view of the countryside if I were to climb up a tree. Accordingly I move hurriedly away in the opposite direction and with some difficulty manage to conceal myself in the branches of a chestnut tree.

I have not been there long when a deafening commotion comes from within the hen-house. Peering down through the leaves, I see a stream of hens flying through the door and making off in all directions with terrified cries. It seems that the lion has fallen into our trap and I wait with satisfaction for Major Plugge-Ugleigh to return and close the door.

A long time passes. The lion is still inside the hen-house;



"KEEPING IT QUIET BY THROWING IT THE LAMB CUTLETS."

there is still no sign of the Major, and I begin to get uneasy. Perhaps he has lost his way in the dark. Perhaps he has already been eaten by the lion. Whatever has happened it seems that the time has come for me to act.

Silently I descend from my tree. With the stealth of an African hunter I creep across the grass. Then, trembling with triumphant excitement, I slam the hen-house door and turn the key in the lock.

A DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER.

Instantly there comes a bellow of rage from within and, not wishing to take any further chances, I start to retreat

hastily. But at this moment I am horrified to hear the sound of a human voice coming from within the lion's prison.

"What do you think you're doing now?"

"Good heavens, Major Plugge-Ugleigh! Are you in there with the lion?"

"There's no lion here, you fool! Let me out of this."

For a moment I feel that even a man-eating lion might be less dangerous than the Major in his present mood, and I debate whether it would be wiser to retire quietly to the house. But a more courageous counsel prevails. Sounds from within suggest that in any case the Major will soon have fought his way free; and so I unlock the door, apologizing profusely for inconveniencing him in his hunt.

"That's all right," he says graciously. "One of my best natives once did much the same thing when I hid in a lion-trap. I used a sjambok to him afterwards."

But at that moment we hear someone shouting to us from the house. "It's all right," cries a strange voice; "you can come out now. We've got him."

We hurry back across the lawn to take charge of this new situation. And there we see the lion itself. It is standing in the dining-room window, a satisfied expression on its face, and is even now being prodded from behind into a cage brought into the garden by the circus attendants.

AN IGNORANT NATIVE.

We run round to the front door and are met by Meadows in a state of great agitation. The lion, he says, came through the French windows the moment our backs were turned. It might almost have been waiting for us to go. First of all it finished off the whole of the cold salmon while Sir George was escorting the ladies into the coal-cellar. And since then Meadows has been keeping it quiet by throwing it the lamb cutlets, one by one, through the dining-room door. The last of the cutlets is even now being used to induce the animal into its cage.

"There!" says Major Plugge-Ugleigh, utterly exasperated. "Isn't that exactly what I warned you against? It is precisely what the natives of Upper N'Gumtri would have done. Here have we been risking our lives in the open, and in the meantime you calmly go and give our dinner to the lion to keep it quiet. Well, what are you going to give me to keep me quiet?"

"There's a tin of corned beef left in the larder," says Meadows anxiously.

"Really, Meadows," I remark severely, "I should have thought the corned beef would have been good enough to give to the lion."

And it is a somewhat chastened party which eventually sits down to a frugal supper. The trouble with all big-game hunting, says Major Plugge-Ugleigh, is that you can never rely on the natives; and Mrs. Gloop agrees. If it hadn't been for the natives rocking the boat, she says, her husband would have been very much more successful when he shot at crocodiles on the Congo in 1905.

But in Africa, says Major Plugge-Ugleigh darkly, one knows what to do with the natives when they let one down.

H. W. M.

"ECCLESIASTICAL NEWS.

THE CLOISTER BOSSES AT NORWICH."

Headlines in Daily Paper.

We shall continue to call them "Cathedral Dignitaries."

"The men took with them 3,000 tiny blades which will, it is thought, allow a greater volume of steam to pass through the turbines, and in this way give more power and speed."

Report on the "Queen Mary."

If our old razor blades would be of any assistance . . . ?

At the Pictures.

W. C. FIELDS.

THE case of W. C. FIELDS is a hard one. He is full of gay and insouciant absurdity; he has an incomparable voice in which to be comically sententious; his nose blossoms like the rose; his movements have the grace of the trained performer; his general appearance, though genially grotesque, is benevolent; and we all long to see him and hear him again; and yet no sooner does he enter a film than that film ceases to be, except as an impossibility.

Take *Poppy*, his latest, as an example. *Poppy* is the thin enough story of a "carnival girl" of much charm and beauty, who, after a hand-to-mouth life with a showman, *Professor McGargle*, or W. C. FIELDS, her putative parent, to whom she is attached as *Little Nell* was attached to her grandfather, is discovered to be really the daughter of another man and a rich runaway woman, and thus to be heiress to the Putnam millions. It is poor threadbare stuff, but it might be made acceptable. Yet it could not be so as long as the *Professor* is played by the incredible FIELDS—by this plump seamy elf who appears to belong to another world; this spoilt child who learns his lines with difficulty, says



NECTAR.

Prof. Eustace McGargle . . . W. C. FIELDS.

them without proper stress, and appears always to be longing to be following his bent elsewhere.

As it is at present, in order to give our old friend the ex-juggler sufficient chances to be funny, of which he does not enough avail himself, the plot

totters and succumbs. Some even of the jokes with which he has been supplied, including the ancient one of the ventriloquist selling a dog, and a memory of CHIRGWIN with his one-string fiddle, would have yielded more had he thrown himself into them; but the claims of that other land, that



WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE (ABOUT LOVE).

Dr. Pryor . . . FRANCIS LISTER.
Dr. Norton . . . OTTO KRUGER.

fairlyland of misrule from which he came, are too much for him; while his efforts to extract laughter from bad croquet are both incredible and pathetic. Someone realizing the limitations of this truly remarkable comedian should take him in hand and fit him.

The leading lady, ROCHELLE HUDSON, whom I cannot remember having seen before, has pretty eyes and a melodious voice, but she seemed to be modelled too closely on PAULETTE GODDARD, the *gamine* (spelt *gamin*) of *Modern Times*. Perhaps for a while this attractive girl of CHARLIE'S will set the fashion. *Poppy*, however, has to sing and speak, whereas the *gamine* is silent.

Those of us who, for too long, have missed FRANCIS LISTER from the stage, will find him as *Dr. Pryor* in the film called *Living Dangerously*—a title which, by the way, would apply to almost every serious picture that is produced. In the present instance the chief dangerous liver is, I assume, *Dr. Norton*, threatened as he is—both as a medical man practising (having been disqualified) under an *alias*, and as the lover of *Helen*, another man's wife—by that other man, *Dr. Pryor*, who happens to have been his partner as well as *Helen's* husband. A fairly complete imbroglio here!

The principal scene, always very effective on the screen, is the trial of *Dr. Norton*, by the Medical Association, at the instigation of *Dr. Pryor*, for improper relations with *Mrs. Pryor*, at which naturally the sympathy of the audience is not that of the Court. We know that *Dr. Norton* is blameless; we know that the innocent *Helen* had been

tried beyond forbearance; we know that *Dr. Pryor* drinks and bets and administers forbidden drugs. But the Court's verdict has to be unjust or how would the dangerous living, to be ended only by the shooting of *Dr. Pryor* (drinking and betting and hating more than ever) seven years later, set in? Not a very persuasive film, but an interesting one, with FRANCIS LISTER as a very promising villain.

A more light-hearted disregard of the facts than is offered by *One Rainy Afternoon* I have seldom seen. Paris, whatever her faults, has not adopted American newspaper methods, and a kiss in a cinema theatre in that city would not have the sequel that Hollywood has invented; but does it matter? Not a bit. What matters is that a story has been constructed for the screen exploitation of the matinée idol, FRANCIS LEDERER, who began his reign over women with the play *Autumn Crocus*; and the background of it is called Paris, and the various Americans in it are called Parisians and Parisiennes, because the great heart of the public beats faster when the French capitol is mentioned. In essence *One Rainy Afternoon* is pure Hollywood.

I will say at once that FRANCIS LEDERER will be found very satisfying. He is rarely out of the picture; his English, while improving, has lost



THE CULINARY HOUR.

Maillot . . . ROLAND YOUNG.
Toto . . . HUGH HERBERT.

nothing in attractiveness; his mouth is extremely full of the whitest teeth, and his title-song is unusually well written. Also he is again what he was when he first captured his following—a young and romantic actor. And I take it that no more is needed. E. V. L.

Romance in Z.

CHAPTER I.

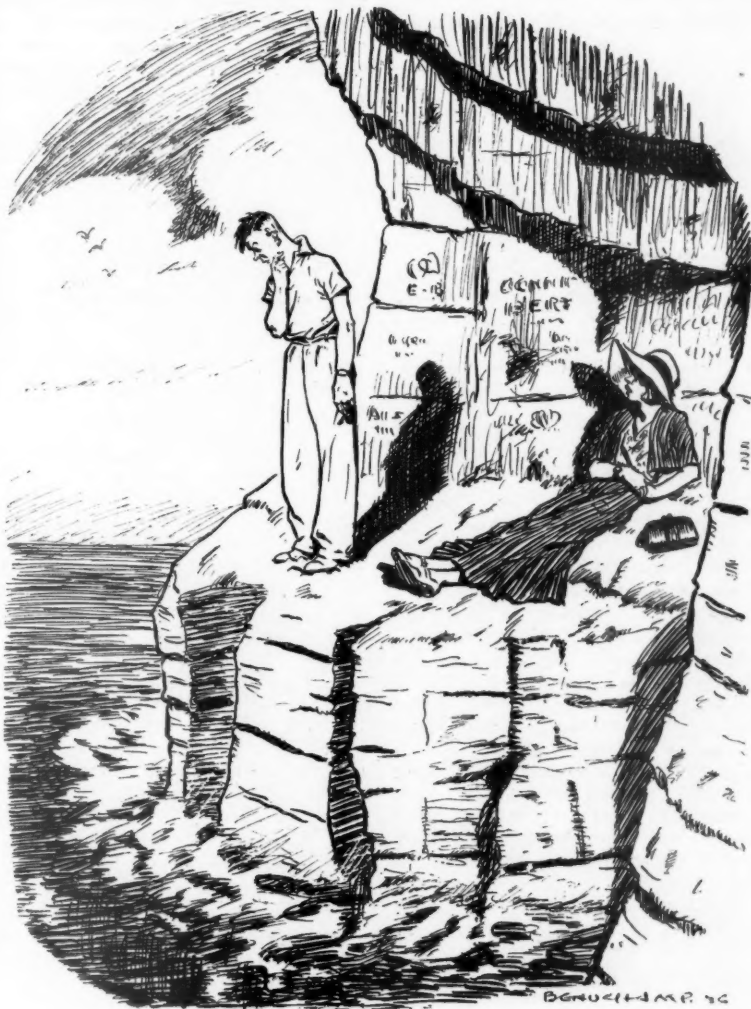
Zenobia was the reigning favourite of the Zemindar's zenana, and at the time of our story was at the zenith of her beauty, a delight to the eyes in her zephyr robes confined about her waist by a zinc zone studded with zircons. Her accomplishments were many: she could play upon the zither, and the Spanish zambomba; in more serious mood, she would discuss matters such as the Zollverein and the doings of the Zemstvos; and she was a perfect zealot for the writings of ZOROASTER, ZWINGLI, and the more modern ZOLA. Incidentally, she was an expert at zincography, and turned out some first-class work. Withal, she pined for the world, for freedom, more particularly as her zest for the Zemindar was down to zero.

CHAPTER II.

Zachary, a zingaro of Zinder, in the Sudan, was a Zouave, a fighter of renown against Zulus, zaptiehs, and other savage tribes; and a zygal—H-shaped—wound on his left zygoma (commonly known as "cheek-bone") honoured and rather improved his manly features. He wanted a wife, and being by nature zetetic, he came to hear of the far-famed beauty of Zenobia. Fired with zeal, he set sail for India, in a zebec. (This was before the days of Zeppelins, or, a true follower of the Zeitgeist, he would certainly have zoomed across in one.) There he hired a zebu from a local zoo, and clinging to the hump, arrived in due course at the gate of the zenana, after a somewhat zigzaggy journey. A zealous official, a zambo, sought to bar his entry, but our Zachary made short work of him with a zax (which, as everyone knows, is a tool for cutting slates). That little difficulty overcome, he presented himself before the astonished Zenobia, professed his love, and urged her to fly with him across the main—"a main," he added poetically, "blue as your zaffre, or if you prefer it, sapphire eyes." She consented; they mounted, he on his zebu, she on a trusty zebra, and were soon beyond the reach of the baffled Bengali.

CHAPTER III.

A story like this ought to end happily, but unfortunately the few remaining zeds at our disposal, such as "zeuglodon" or "zygodactylous," are unsuited to romance. When the Zemindar learnt of his loss he exclaimed, for some reason in the ancient Zend, "Zounds! the zanies!" cursed them by all the signs of the zodiac,



"I MUST HAVE TIME TO CONSIDER YOUR PROPOSAL, MR. JONES."
"WELL, YOU'LL AVE FIVE HOURS—THE TIDE'S COME IN."

and then, being a philosopher—though no ZENO—and remembering he still had Zaza, Zoë and Zillah, he dismissed the incident from his mind.

But, alas, for our lovers! For a little while, indeed, they dwelt in love and happiness in a zariba, gay with zinnias, in far-off Zanzibar, eating—she was vegetarian, but he zoophagous—drinking, and amusing themselves with the zoetrope, or wheel of life . . . until—zip!—the curse of the Zemindar overtook them and they died, within a day, of a zymotic disorder.

GLOSSARY—IF NEEDED.

Zemindar . Bengali landed proprietor.
Zambomba . a primitive musical instrument.

Zollverein . union of states with common customs tariffs.
Zemstvos . Russian local elective assemblies.
Zingaro . a gipsy.
Zaptieh . a Turkish policeman.
Zetetic . proceeding by inquiry.
Zeitgeist . spirit of the times.
Zambo . a half-breed.
Zariba . a compound, or stockade.
Zoophagous . meat-eating.
Zymotic . caused by germ-multiplication.

"Hours later the preacher and the officers walked into headquarters with six prisons and 1,496 pints of liquor.

"I ought to be satisfied," said the Rev. Mr. Davis."—*Canadian Paper*.

We agree.

Uncle Haddock's Corner.

(Answer to Correspondent.)

"COMPOSER" writes:—

"It now appears that only half an Englishman's home is his castle; and even that half may be entered by the London Passenger Transport Board at 12 hours' notice, without compensation. Listen!

"Nos. 1 and 2, This Road, North London, were originally one house; and both of them belong to Mr. X. I hold a lease of No. 1: I live here with my wife and compose music in the studio. I took it for that purpose, because it is (was) quiet.

"The London Passenger Transport Board, under some blithering Act of Parliament which you passed not long ago, have compelled Mr. X to sell them No. 2, with garden, and they are now building a new Tube station in the garden and using the house as offices.

"The landlord, Mr. X, did not want to sell them half his house only; but they refused to take the whole. What is more, they began to take possession and cut down trees before any settlement had been reached—that is, while the land was still his.

"We have always counted on letting the house furnished for part of the year, in order to pay for its upkeep. We were, we were told, certain of getting a good let next year for the Coronation. Nobody will look at it now.

"They will give us no compensation for the loss of our let. They reply to our lawyers that they 'cannot accept any liability.'

"This loss we could endure perhaps for the sake of the dear old Community, if we were able to go on living here ourselves.

"I don't know whether you have ever tried to live in a house in the other half of which they were building a Tube station. It is difficult.

"They start hammering on two of the walls of my bedroom at 7.0 A.M. Just outside the window of the studio, where I compose music, an electric drill is working all day. I don't know whether you have ever tried to compose music a few yards from an electric drill in action. It is difficult.

"All this, however, is really trifling. For next week they are going to work at night as well.

"Not that the nights have been extravagantly quiet so far. For the night-watchman has queer habits. He seems to resent the long nights in which other people sleep. He walks about picking up hammers and tap-

ping things—we suppose to keep himself awake. He certainly does as much for us. I asked the foreman to see that no hammers were left about. This morning at 5.0 A.M. the night-watchman began chopping wood.

"The contractor in charge says, 'We live in an age of progress. The needs of the community must be served. Night-shifts are necessary. They must go on.'

"Well, we shall have to pass on also. We cannot live with hammers and drills and cranes and lorries both day and night—much less compose music.

"They have served us with a notice saying that they can come into this house or garden whenever they like, on giving 12 hours' notice.

"The 'community' must be served.' But who is this community? I had a faint idea that I was one of the 'community': and, therefore, that if I did the community a good turn by giving up my delightful home the community would give a little thought to me. But will the community pay my rent and rates? Will the community compensate me for my lost let? Apparently not. I cannot live in my own house and must find another; yet I must continue to pay rent and rates for a house in which it is impossible to live. And the community refuses to compensate me for anything. Is this right? What am I to do?"

ANSWER.

Try Mr. Frank Pick, the junior Emperor. Lord Ashfield has great efficiency. Mr. Frank Pick has great



"IS THAT THE TELEPHONE?"

"YES, MADAM."

"WHAT DOES IT WANT?"

"IT WANTS YOU TO LUNCH WITH IT ON TUESDAY, MADAM."

efficiency—plus bowels and understanding. He might help. He will, if he can.

NOTES.

Yes, Sir, it certainly seems to be a pretty dead loss for you. But I don't quite know what you are complaining about. First, you should be delighted to suffer for "the community." Secondly, it seems to me a little nervy and pedantic of you to object to having an electric drill in the garden. This will make your music more "progressive" and modern. And, thirdly, you should have foreseen all this.

When the first London Passenger Transport Bill was born you should have said to your Member: "Oppose this. This is dangerous. This Board is going to be one of the Great Untouchables—one of those monster mongrels—so public and powerful that I shall never dare to take it into the Courts, and yet so remote and private that nobody will be able to have a crack at it in Parliament." If you had said that, boy, you would have been right. I do not suggest that anything would have happened if you had. But you didn't say it. (Indeed, I don't suppose that you could name your own Member—even now.)

As things are, I see small hope for you, deluded Englishman—unless you can move the aforesaid bowels of Mr. Pick. The L.P.T.B., a little bird has told me, has said that to do the right thing for people like you would be to "create a precedent." This, if it is true, is odd: for the strangest precedent ever created was the London Passenger Transport Board; and if there are many more cases like yours, that precedent will not, I think, be repeated—might even be discontinued. I do not know what the legal position is, but I should like to hear it argued before the Lord Chief Justice of England. He, I think, would have something to say, even though he had to find for the Monster. But it would do you little good if he found in your favour. The Monster would "take you to the Lords" and ruin you. In these days the odds are always on the Monster. And all that you can do, you poor frail elector and ratepayer, is to go about and give the Monster a bad name. That would be a pity: for this particular Monster is a fine Monster, and does great and good work. But it ought not to behave monstrously to small people; and until he hears more from you, little one, Uncle will reserve judgment.

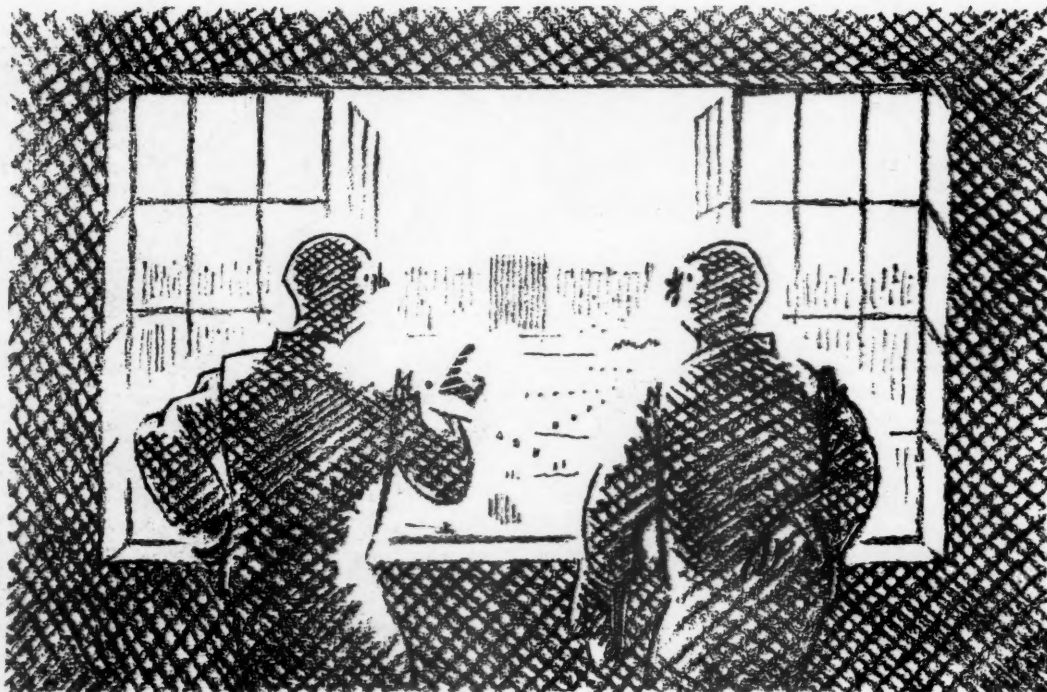
A. P. H.

"I am 32 and wish I had been born thirty years ago. Life wasn't so biased and insincere then."—Letter to Weekly.

Or maybe at two years old one is more broadminded.



"WELL, 'OO'S STOPPING YOU FISHING? WE WON'T TOUCH YOUR BLOOMIN' WORM."



Letting agent. "... AND, WHAT'S MORE, THE CRYSTAL PALACE IS EXACTLY COVERED BY THE GASOMETER!"

Bacchic Pindaric.

WHEN my eldest son was born,
It was a great occasion
For the giving of presents.

Aunts, uncles, cousins, all paid tribute
Of every shape and kind,
From cash to cashmere shawls,
Coatees, bootees, infantees,
Matinée-jackets and woolly lambs
(That squeaked on getting a kidney-
punch).

Rattles of silver and celluloid,
Rattles of bone,
Rattles galore.

Even his godfather
Was had for a mug.
And what did his godmother then for
him?

Why, a silver spoon;
Because he was born with nothing in
his mouth,
Not even a tooth.

But I,
Wise in my
Generation,
Gave him a present of port,
Port of a promising vintage,
Port from a shipper of note,

Port just at that juvenile stage
To be right for a coming-of-age
Celebration.

And now once a year when I visit the
firm
That kindly supplies me with wine,
To pay a trifle on account
Of a bill that seems to mount and
mount

(And cadge a free glass of sherry),
I order his annual birthday present
Of more wine.

When he was two he got two dozen
Of a beautiful Nuits St. Georges,
And an extra dozen of Nuits' first cousin,
Corton.

When he was three he got three dozen
Of Château Calon Ségur.
When he was four we switched to white
With one or two dozen of very nice light
Valmur.

When he was five it was old Solera
With several bottles of fine Madeira.

The following year was devoted to hock,
Johannisberger;
And Moselle,
Brauneberger.

When he was seven—but you see the idea:

Every birthday he gets a magnificent, Bacchic, paternal, well-chosen, munificent

Gift

Of wine.

Till at present

The pressure on cellar space

Is becoming terrific.

And the boy has a Future.

Alas!

It is sad

To add

I've brought him up to be

T.T.

But I'm glad!

A. A.

Grupped.

A Lament.

THE feature of the garden is the lawn. The lawn is the green part of the garden in the middle. It consists of dandelions, daisies, plantains and a little grass.

We gardeners are made of stern stuff. So are dandelions, daisies and plantains. We and they are engaged in a war of attrition.

It all begins simply. We decide to do a little weeding. We go to a shop which sells gardening tools and ask for a weeding-fork.

"You mean a grupper," the assistant says. And if we were wise we should proceed no further when we heard the word "grupper." It is an insidious word. Insidious enough to warn us, if we were capable of receiving warning.

We are heedless.

"Show us a grupper, then," we say carelessly.

The grupper is produced. We look at it, hand it back to the assistant and go home. When we looked at the grupper we thought a table-fork would do just as well. We were right. A table-fork *does* do just as well.

Now we wait for a heavy shower of rain which will soften the surroundings of the dandelions, daisies and plantains, and when the heavy shower is over we fold a mackintosh, put it on the lawn, kneel on it and grasp our table-fork. We choose a dandelion, insert the table-fork into the ground near the root, push the fork in as far as it will go, and heave. We continue to heave, and either the dandelion-root or the fork breaks. If the dandelion breaks, soon it will flourish anew from the old root. If the fork breaks, soon we shall kneel on it and hurt ourselves.

Now a second heavy shower of rain begins, and we go indoors.

That is the process known as grup-



HER SIGNATURE TUNE.

"WHEN SOMEBODY THINKS YOU'RE WON-DER-FUL!"

ping. Why, then, does a ritual so simple, so painful and so discouraging become an obsession more persistent than drug-taking? It does. It is the gardener who is grupped.

"Why not use weed-killer?" ask the uninitiated. "A drop applied to the root and the thing is done."

There are two reasons. The first is that to those who have battled honourably with a dandelion, the use of weed-killer is treachery. The other reason is that we like grupping. We like grupping for grupping's sake. We do not care that our lawn is becoming a ravaged waste, scarred and pitted. We

do not care whether we have a lawn or not. We like grupping, and as soon as the rain has stopped—

The rain has stopped.

Chance for All.

Wanted, first-class Cellist; steady, competent, or useless.—*Adv.*

"What does a nutria look like? It looks like a huge rat; feeds on its hind legs." *Provincial Weekly.*

Evidently very economical to keep.

"Man, middle-aged, adaptable anything, play piano by ear, or any position."—*Adv.* We do our own parlour-tricks, thanks.



"JUST FANCY—I SHALL BE FIFTEEN TO-MORROW! PRETTY GRIM, ISN'T IT?"
 "OH! MY DEAR, I'M GRIMMER THAN THAT BY NEARLY A YEAR!"

Holiday.

ONCE again the time approaches
 When the toiler, wan but free,
 Hastens forth in trains and coaches
 To his customary sea;
 See them come, all shapes and sizes,
 Child and adult, sire and mate,
 Artless in their fancy guises,
 Glad in their unfettered gait.

Here are games to lure the active;
 Walks on shore and cliff are here;
 Sharrybangs afford attractive
 Trips at prices far from dear;
 Sands invite the young to paddle
 All unwatched, whate'er the tide,
 Or, with screaming glee, to straddle
 Patient asses for a ride.

"All a-blowin' and a-growin'!"
 Dives the youth, while on the brink
 Dipping his reluctant toe in
 Yet the elder seems to shrink,

Till, inspired by kin or friends, he
 Gives the deep his bashful frame
 And enjoys it, or pretends he
 Does, which comes to much the same.

Mark, I beg, yon youthful couple;
 Though their modern views be strong,
 These, before their time is up, 'll
 Turn old-fashioned, or I'm wrong;
 What, the moon is on the waters;
 What, the band is braying fain;
 Eve's most up-to-date of daughters
 'Gainst such odds would kick in vain.

Sun, upon these festive trippers
 Constant be your smile and bland,
 That the adults, aye, and nippers
 Go home elegantly tanned;
 So, when comes the time to pack up,
 Blithesome may their memories be;
 Nothing puts a person's back up
 Like bad weather on the spree.

DUM-DUM.



THE MID-EUROPEAN TEA-PARTY.

["The March Herr and the Hatter were having tea: a Dormouse was sitting between them, and the other two were resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head."—*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*]

July

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Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, July 13th.—Lords: Air Navigation and Finance Bills given Second Reading.

Commons: Cattle Considered.

Tuesday, July 14th.—Lords: Scottish Education and Midwives Bills given Second Reading.

Commons: Scottish Health debated.



NATIONAL "DRIVES"

(as envisaged by Mr. Lambert).

I.—ACTUAL: MR. DUFF COOPER IN ARMAMENTS.

Wednesday, July 15th.—Lords: Debates on Bureaucracy, Children in Road Accidents, and Malta.

Commons: Debate on Trade.

Monday, July 13th.—During the debate in the Lords, which is sitting early this week in order to clean up the odds and ends of legislation, Lord LONDONDERRY's good work in encouraging the extension of Empire air routes was praised on both sides of the House. Lord SWINTON, his successor, announced that he was not going in for airships, in spite of the *Hindenburg's* achievements, and Lord STRABOLGI, also against them, hoped that the Government's efforts would be concentrated on big flying-boats.

During the last year, Reader, it may interest you to know, you have held back from Sugar with admirable restraint, doubtless on account of your figure; but in the direction of Tobacco, Beer and Tea you may be said to have let yourself go, consuming respectively 9,750,000 more pounds, 230,000,000 more pints, and 2,400,000,000 more cups. What a year it must have been!

These and other agreeable statistics were imparted by Lord TEMPLEMORE when he moved the Second Reading of our old friend the Finance Bill; and further discussion of it enabled Lord STRABOLGI to raise the controversial question of the Jarrow Steelworks and to blame the Iron and Steel Federation for not giving the scheme positive support. Lord MIDDLETON agreed that the Government should have taken action to give Jarrow its chance, but Lord DUDLEY, defending the attitude of the Federation, said that the Middlesbrough producers could scarcely be expected to support a new Jarrow plant which would seriously affect their interests, and that if the syndicate had wished to take the risks they could have gone ahead.

It really is cheaper to telephone, and after October 1st it is going to be cheaper still. The P.M.G. announced this afternoon that 200 penny calls a year are to be allowed free to every quarterly subscriber, which should cover many unloquacious persons, and that the Business Small User is to be given a present of ten shillings of his rent.

The Resolution to extend the subsidy on Fat Cattle (Parliament being callously uninterested in Thin Ones) drew from Mr. LAMBERT a plea for a food-production drive on the lines of the munitions drive, from Mr. BOOTHBY a fervent prayer that the Government would tackle distribution, and from Mr. MACLAREN a swear-word which he projected wrathfully at agriculturists

in general, and for which he was gently rebuked by the Chair.

Tuesday, July 14th.—Scottish education, once the admiration of the world, has sunk, at any rate in the eyes of Lord MARLEY, to a deplorably low level; yet this afternoon his was the only voice which did not welcome the Bill to raise the school-leaving age in Scotland, the ground of his objection being that there would be a delay of



NATIONAL "DRIVES"

(as envisaged by Mr. Lambert).

II.—ADVISABLE: MR. ELLIOT IN AGRICULTURE.



WEATHER FORECAST.

The President of the Board of Trade (on July 15). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT ST. SWINTON WOULD SAY ABOUT IT, BUT SO FAR AS I CAN SEE, THE OUTLOOK IS 'MAINLY FAIR.'"

three years before the higher age-limit came into force. The official view is that this is the minimum period in which the necessary expansion can be arranged. It certainly sounds a longish time.

At Question-time Captain BALFOUR, who seems to have been researching extensively in the Army List, produced the case of a regiment, the North Irish Horse, which at present consists entirely of one officer; and Mr. DUFF COOPER had to admit that it could only be described as in a state of suspended animation, which must be uncomfortable for the horse, and refused to commit himself as to the nature of this officer's duties. He went on to announce the appointment of Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir HAROLD BROWN, the Engineer-in-Chief of the Fleet, as Director-General of Munitions Production with a seat on the Army Council. He will assist the Master-General of the Ordnance with some of his functions and will be responsible to Mr. DUFF COOPER.

In his survey of the health of



"OH, WOULD YOU MIND OUR SHELTERING IN YOUR SHOP TILL THE RAIN STOPS?"

Scotland, Sir GODFREY COLLINS said that if the present rate of progress was continued all the slums of Scotland would be destroyed within five years. Mr. JOHNSTON took a gloomier view than the MINISTER, asserting that the death-rate in Scotland was higher than in any northern country in Europe, and reminding him that there was still an appalling scarcity of houses for young couples. He ended by begging that facilities should be given for fitting refrigerators in the new houses; a suggestion later to be mocked by Mr. MACQUISTEN, who regarded warmth and not cold as Scotland's prime necessity, and urged that rows of cottages should in future be fitted with community central-heating, automatically stoked, which would save busy housewives endless labour.

Wednesday, July 15th.—According to Lord MOUNT TEMPLE the official passion for getting silly forms filled in is becoming a menace, and this afternoon he diverted their Lordships by producing a strip of cuttings, 36 feet long, made up of the advertisements which a local authority had been obliged to insert in local newspapers owing to an Order by a Minister. The legislation passed by Parliament in 1933 and the regulations arising there-

from had filled three thousand pages; could it really all have been necessary?

To Lord SNELL archaic inefficiency was worse. Directly the income-tax papers appeared, he said, some citizens seemed to develop fatty degeneration

of the conscience; and in reply Lord ZETLAND admitted that the ideal was for Civil Servants to be the servants and not the masters of the people, and told a nice story of an Indian candidate who, when asked his size in hats and shoes, gave it as six feet, which was undeniably correct.

In the Commons Mr. RUNCIMAN delivered a review of industry which was on the whole comforting; such indices as railway figures, postal receipts, unemployment figures, bank clearances, industrial production and retail sales all showed favourably against the previous year. Imports had risen more than exports, but not alarmingly so, and our proportion of export world trade had risen.

To Mr. GRENFELL's plea that the Government would not lose sight of the desperate condition of South Wales Captain CROOKSHANK replied that a Committee was investigating the uses to which South Wales coal could be put. And after earnest appeals to the Government to take action in the Jarrow controversy from Mr. W. ROBERTS, Miss ELLEN WILKINSON and Sir JOHN JARVIS, Mr. RUNCIMAN replied that he had asked the Import Duties Advisory Committee to investigate the whole question.



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Sir JOHN JARVIS

Is noted for personal sarvis.

It was his Surrey Scheme

Which tried to make Jarrow get up more steam.

Sea-Side.

"Down at the seaside," said the editor of *The Sunday Goof* to me, "hearts as well as waves are breaking. Our readers yearn to know of the tragedies of trippers. Go down to Munton-on-Sea and ask the first wan face what wants it. We will pay you a bob a sob."

It was a mission after my own heart, for I have always felt that behind the seeming gaiety of the throngs that throng and the promenaders that promenade might lurk grim tragedy. So I cocked a snook at the editor, and three hours later found me sucking a meditative ice outside the Pier Pavilion at Munton-on-Sea. My eyes wandered hither and thither, seeking a wan face, and came to rest at last on a small man, smartly dressed in a cloth cap, a bathing costume and spats. He was sitting with his head in his hands on a seat by the band-stand. I sat beside him and touched him gently on the shoulder.

"Brother," I said, "you look wan. Why, amid all this gaiety, do you look wan? Would it help you to tell me the story of your life? I have a sympathetic nature, and I am authorized by *The Sunday Goof* to offer a small prize to anybody willing to unburden himself of his past."

He turned upon me ferociously and laughed wildly.

"I will tell *The Sunday Goof* nothing," he said. "Your paper is the cause of my wanness. Lord Wormwood said in his column that his friend the Earl of Snitch had cured his canary of croup by applying a poultice three parts aniseed and three parts basic slag. Believing Lord Wormwood incapable of error, I applied a similar poultice to my wife."

He picked me up and carried me down to the beach and threw me in the sea. Crawling ashore, I jotted down his story and searched for more wanness. An elderly lady in black, stretched on the sands, caught my attention. Her face was extremely wan.

"Madam," I said, "I represent *The Sunday Goof* and I want to know why you are so wan. Tell me all. Let England ring with your simple story. Let the heartfelt sympathy of our two million readers assuage in some degree the pains that life has brought you. You are dressed in black . . . tell me of your sorrow."

"*The Sunday Goof*?" she said.

"*The Sunday Goof*."

"I won't tell *The Sunday Goof* anything," she said. "It is to *The Sunday Goof* that I owe the wanness



"AT A TIME LIKE THIS, SIR, WHAT WE WANT IS ACTION."

of my complexion and the blackness of my dress. I have long been an ardent disciple of your fashion expert, Princess Cordelia of Sark. When she told me to slim, I slimmed; when she told me to slightly sunburn, I slightly sunburned. But last week she was not in her usual form, and I followed her recipe for a rose-and-snow complexion with disastrous results. It just came out wan. I also dyed my dress blue according to a recipe she said she had heard from the Empress of Snork, and it came out black. In common justice I feel that I must strike you sharply over the head with my umbrella."

She did so, and I withdrew with

that delicate courtesy that ever distinguishes the reporters of *The Sunday Goof*.

The next wan face belonged to a tall soldierly man with a bristly moustache. "Excuse me," I said, "but I represent *The Sunday Goof*. Our two million readers want to have their hearts melted. Your wan face struck my eye."

He was a man of few words, and I shall never know what lay behind that hard wan face. Just as his wan face had struck my eye, so did his fist.

Next week I shall be at Slushcombe, looking for more wan faces. But I shall carry a gun.

At the Ballet.

"BALLETS RUSSES"
(COVENT GARDEN).

THE simple life is proverbially not cheap, and though in one sense the ballet is very simple it is a great business producing it. It is simple because it has no necessity for speech and can be understood in all countries. It is an admirable international medium, and in its past ages and societies long since transformed can still show themselves very much alive.

Those who go to Covent Garden for the season of Russian Ballet will say to themselves that here is the true way and much the pleasantest way to learn both history and geography, or what matters in both those subjects. All centuries and all countries pay their tribute, and the ballet is indeed one of the best of all mediums for reviving the past. Language, which is the treacherous pitfall into which historical plays and novels tumble headlong, is here triumphantly bypassed, and music and the dance can give life to a careful accuracy of scenery and dress, so that the periods of barbaric splendour, ATTILA and TAMERLANE, can live again without being compromised by false speech.

Thamar, as it was given on Monday week, is a perfect example of the range and power of the ballet as drama. The vitality of the vigorous crime, no less than the lighter activity of the simple people in a ballet like *Cotillon*, is transmuted in music and movement so that what is presented is the most agreeable quintessence: not the heart of things, but their most engaging quality. The last century is not commonly thought of as colourful, but colourful it was, and anyone devising scenes which should have a bright paint-box effect can do no better than to go to the middle of the nineteenth century.

Few ballets give such pleasure to the beholders as ROSSINI'S *La Boutique Fantasque* (as arranged by RESPIGHI), which is also in Colonel DE BASIL'S repertoire at Covent Garden. A toy-

shop of the last century, when toys had not succumbed to the present tradition of being faithful models of mechanical inventions and when they led a human if bizarre life of their own, affords an ideal setting for a story told in movement. Human

great ovation which was a tribute to the climax of the ballet when she executed a wonderful series of turns. Mademoiselle RIABOUCHINSKA carried the main theme with triumphant ease.

In *La Boutique Fantasque* the best movements were those in which M. LÉONIDE MASSINE and Madame DANILOVA did the Can-Can.

Colonel DE BASIL is deserving well of mankind by spreading abroad in an over-anxious world the high spirits of this exquisite collaborative art. D. W.

At the Revue.

"BLACKBIRDS OF 1936"
(GAIETY).

THE first thing to be said about these Blackbirds is that they are the palest who ever sang to us. There is scarcely an ebony bird in the whole aviary, and many of the songsters would almost pass as gulls. The chief funny-men, Mr. TIM MOORE

and Mr. GALLIE DE GASTON, actually descend to blacking their faces, and may therefore, for all we know, hail from Yorkshire. The one qualification which seems to have been generally applied is the possession of curly black hair.

And I think the next is that, while they dance well and sing magnificently in chorus, none of their personalities is outstanding. Miss FLORENCE MILLS is a far cry, I know, but in 1934 they included a lady named Miss CELESTE VALAIDA, whom I remember as brilliant and very versatile; in this programme there is a level, creditable but not exciting.

One item is in a class by itself, "She Done Me Wrong," a choral reconstruction of the trial of *Johnnie* for shooting *Frankie*, based on that most dramatic of songs. In a brief mime we see *Frankie*, sitting at a bar with the other man in the case, suddenly shot by the furiously jealous *Johnnie*; and then we are switched over to a dark court-house where faces alone are lit by invisible green lamps, and *Johnnie* sits bowed under a green spotlight while the attorneys dispute his guilt in song, the major points in their



GRAND RONDO AND ROMP-O.

(CENTRAL FIGURE, TAMARA TOUMANOVA.)

beings excel themselves when they pretend to be mechanical and contradict their essential nature.

In *Thamar*, Madame TCHERNICHEVA dominated the stage, suggesting by her vigorous sinuous dancing the cruel



A BRIGHT YOUNG THING OF OLD GEORGIA.

Thamar . . . LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA.

voluptuous Queen. The attendants and the unhappy stranger rightly fell into place as the pale background for the one commanding figure.

In the lighter setting of *Cotillon*, Mademoiselle TOUMANOVA received a

harangues being taken up in chorus by the jury and spectators. Much of the vital quality of the original is caught and held, and the scene is cleverly produced. The little Epilogue which shows *Johnnie's* shadow, thrown on a great coloured window, wearily climbing the steps to the gallows may be something of an anti-climax, but the audience rose at it. A more serious criticism, easily remedied, concerns the conductor of the orchestra. He is an excellent conductor, not one of your lazy fellows who look as if they were teaching octogenarians eurhythmics, but a man of vast energy, sparing himself nothing in the co-ordination of his team; and at the end of his baton he has a bright electric light. Sitting just behind him, as I did, one sees the darkened court-house through a kind of Brock's Benefit which is exceedingly irritating, and I suggest that if a little cone were fitted to his baton every one would be happy.

The next best turn is "The Opera Barber's Shop," in which Barbers, Manicurists and Bootblacks ply their

trades simultaneously and in song on the persons of four protesting Customers, with very good effect. Personally I like these Blackbirds best when a number of them are singing. I could have listened indefinitely to the "Negro Cavalcade" with which they

sketch, about a racket in Hot Dogs, would hardly pass in a provincial music-hall. And it must be confessed that for a show presented by Mr. COCHRAN the dresses are disappointing and some of the sets positively shabby. I am thinking especially of the dreary Telegraph Office in Item 5, Part I.



HANDY WITH THEIR FEET.

THE NICHOLAS BROTHERS.

began, and to the Plantation Ballads in particular. Chorus is their strong suit and sketches, so far as this programme goes, their weakest. One

The dancing of ANISE and ALAND is versatile and polished, and they were at their best in an African wedding-scene, cheered on by the festive elders of the kraal. The NICHOLAS BROTHERS, who dance and sing up-to-date songs, are an engaging couple; the smaller brother is an imp with a nerve of iron and should go far. Miss LAVADA CARTER sings attractively, and has one very good song pointing out how the amenities of Dixie have suffered since the days when amorous librettists first turned their attention to it. Mr. MOORE and Mr. DE GASTON are in the Black Crow tradition, only not quite so hilariously silly; and I should like to mention DANNY, of whom we saw too little, and who skips like an angel. ERIC.

The Man Who Keeps Canaries.

THE Man Who Keeps
Canaries

Is a quiet sort
Of bloke,
But with something of
The poet
In his soul:
He never Drinks
Or Swears
Or Bets—
Of course he doesn't
Smoke—
And his Life is Uneventful
On the whole.

He rises Rather Early
And he seldom Stops Up
Late
And he has a Little Garden
Neat and trim
With a modest little
Notice
On the modest little gate
Intimating Hawkers Needn't Trouble
Him.

He has a tiny
Income
And a rather jolly
Wife
And an Aspidistra
(Almost certainly);
He is Very Fond of Dickens
And he hates
Domestic Strife,
And is partial to
A Kipper For His Tea.

Did I hint he was
A poet?
He is more than that, I trust!
I should rather say
The fellow is
A King
With a cage of little laureates
A-chirping fit to bust
For to cheer his leisure hours
(As is only right
And just);
For—it is a fact—
Canaries Sometimes Sing!

Points from Letters.

NATURE OF MOTION.

YOUR correspondent's contention that motion consists of decreasing intervals of repose between instants of activity will not hold water. It has long been realized by constructive thinkers that motion is nothing but increasing periods of activity between instants of repose.—*Mr. J. K. Fix, Thinkers' Club, S.W.1.*

My maternal grand-uncle, Sir Ploughed Greenfields, often used to describe a motion as "what remained after an inadequate skeleton encrusted with irrelevant amendments had been whittled down into an impossible shape." He would never explain to us little girls what he meant by this, but his manner when declaiming it was inimitably droll. I venture to submit it in the hope that it may have some bearing on the problem mentioned by your correspondent.—*Mrs. J. A. E. Q. Ababbledo Greenfields, South Kensington.*

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The political situation appears to me to be fraught with more danger than you or any of your previous correspondents appear to consider it fraught with. In my humble opinion it is essential that immediate steps be taken to rid a situation fraught with menace of some of the menace with which it is fraught.—*Mr. A. Hailé N. Dignant, Clitchins, Cotton Kitchen, Oxon.*

BLACKBIRDS IN BUCKS.

On Tuesday of this week, on going out of the hotel on to the verandah, a blackbird was seen on the rail, its head on one side. On re-entering the hotel, another blackbird became visible on the lawn on the other side of the hotel; and on going upstairs, a third blackbird was seen on the roof of a shed. On coming downstairs again, it was realized that on no other occasion has more than one blackbird been seen at a time, except on previous visits to this part of Buckinghamshire.—*Mr. John Onn, Splendide Hotel, Gallimaufry, Bucks.*

BRICKLAYING.

Years of experience in laying foundation-stones have possibly given me more of an insight into the problems of the bricklayer than is possessed by your correspondent, and I should be grateful for a little of your space in order to point out that what the average bricklayer objects to is not so much the dampness of the work as the small scope it gives for personal initiative. Many times I have been conscious of a desire to lay my foundation-stone the wrong way up, or a little on one side; and once I was restrained from swinging it into the spectators only by the fatherly attitude of an old bricklayer, who told me afterwards that he knew just how I felt. "Us chaps," he said in his homely way, "get powerful sick of all them straight lines." I have remembered these words for many years.—*Alderman H. O. Spingle, Deputy Mayor, Scuppers, Shipshire.*

LORD ERNEST ZOOTLE.

The story you quote in your interesting obituary of Lord Ernest Zootle was told to me somewhat differently by my father, who was present at the time in his capacity of Inspector and Rejector of Elliptical Washers. My father always emphasized the fact that Lord Ernest had seen that the door was open before he made his witty remark. Quick as a flash, he turned to Mr. GLADSTONE, who was standing by, and drawled in his inimitable manner, "Well, my dear Sir, it seems that we are to be permitted a practical test

of the identity of at least one of the portals in this establishment." Lord PALMERSTON, who was standing by, inquired what was meant; whereupon Lord Ernest, with a roguish look, volunteered the information that the door in question was *a-jar!*—very much to the amusement of Mr. JOHN BRIGHT and my father, who were standing by.—*Miss Letitia Barnes-Tormer, The Poppins, Upper Clippins.*

LIVER AND BACON.

It may be of interest in this correspondence to recall the versified inquiry of a little-known poet at the beginning of the century:—

"Hear ye the question, and answer! Take ye the gift of the giver!

Why do we always say liver and bacon, and never say bacon and liver?"

—*Mr. Haricot Beanes, The Old Cook House, Shouting Upwards.*

TELEPHONE MANNERS.

Bearing in mind some of the extraordinary things he avowedly registers as newspapers, I have long ceased to expect any logic on the part of the Postmaster-General; but I feel it incumbent on me to give a wider publicity to an incident that recently occurred when I rang him up from a call-box. As is well known through the voluminous two-volume publication he issues yearly, he expects the subscriber who is rung up to answer not with "Hullo" but with his own name. Recently I dialled the Postmaster-General's number, waited, and in a short time received the reply, "Hullo! This is the Scaliger Steam Laundry." Comment is needless, but I may venture to inquire what respect we are to pay to the P.M.G.'s pronouncements when he resorts to such means to conceal his identity.—*Mr. Josiah Camembert Zolagorgon, East Sheen.*

MR. HOOLIGAN'S PERFORMANCE.

I should be grateful if you will allow me to trespass once more on your valuable space in order to make a correction in my letter of Monday. Owing no doubt to my bad calligraphy, I am made to refer to Mr. Hooligan's "daft performance." This should, I need hardly say, have read "deft performance."—*Mr. Harry Cave-Inn, Diamond Club, Spade, Herts.*

R. M.

Thule.

(Shetland Islands.)

If you're the sort that needs a Pier
And minstrels, megaphones and mirth,
Stick to the South—don't pioneer
Across the surly Pentland Firth;
If you're the Blackpool sort of chap,
You needn't strain yourself unduly
To reach that corner of the map
CÆSAR's geographers called Thule.

But if you care for racing tides
(That fall at times so fairy still),
For gales the pirate skua rides,
For rock-set sea and sea-girt hill,
For sea-fogs closing like a shroud—
If out of these you'd make your pet land
And you can do without the crowd,
I know the place to please you: Shetland.



"I WAS TELLING HER MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS KILLED AT WATERLOO, AND SHE GOES ON AND SAYS, 'WHICH PLATFORM?'"

"DID SHE NOW? AS IF THE PLATFORM MATTERED."

Bare—treeless as the desert sand
Yet somehow lovelier for that;
Grim—but you'd rather call it grand;
Bleak—but so well worth looking at;
Grind, geo and wick, stack, ness and ey—
Never the same for long together;
A country changeful as the sky
And varying as the windward weather.

You'll see green islets down the voes
Like Vikings' craft or whales asleep;
You'll see the howes where, men suppose,
The Little People had their keep:
And when you tire of Pictish brochs,
Of light and shade on sound and skerry,
You'll catch, on half a hundred lochs,
A creel of fish to make you merry.

Day slips contented into day;
Mail twice a week, the same with news;
You can be peaceful anyway
And just as happy as you choose;
The epic war of land and sea
To fill your eyes and overawe them;
I bet you'll say, along with me,
"Good islands, these; I'm glad I saw them!"

H. B.

"Nem Vagyok En Rszeg (I am not drunk)."

Wireless Orchestral Programme.

Then talk sense.

"B. Knapp, the Oxford University water polo goalkeeper, has gone down."—*Sports Note*.

Apparently his water-wings burst.



A TOURIST IN GERMANY.

"MEDIEVAL! I'LL SAY IT IS—CAN'T EVEN GET AN ENGLISH CIGARETTE!"

Progress.

"THAT," said the Senior Administrative Officer, "is progress."

"Looks more like Piccadilly Circus to me," replied the J.A.O., mopping his brow with a large handkerchief. "What in the world is the use of a signpost in primitive Africa when everyone has lived in the same part of it for centuries? Only one or two of the mission boys can read it anyway."

"It's not a question of whether they can read it or not. The whole point is that I want to make the station look as decent as possible. You know that a very distinguished visitor is arriving next week?"

"I see," said the J.A.O., "eye-wash."

"I prefer to call it progress," replied the S.A.O. "It is more polite."

"Now, Lindsay," he went on, his

tour of inspection completed, "you see what I mean? Whitewashed stones catch the eye and, incidentally, cover a multitude of sins. Newly painted notice-boards may seem very unnecessary to you, but I can assure you that people like them. When do you intend going back to your station?"

"I had thought of going to-morrow, if I can get a canoe. I'll have a good deal to do if you are thinking of bringing distinguished visitors down my way."

"I have every intention of doing so," replied his chief, "so for heaven's sake do something about your station."

"What?" said Lindsay.

"Try to model it on this."

"But I live in a swamp," complained Lindsay.

"You know very well what I mean," concluded the S.A.O. "Put up some direction-posts."

"Oh, very well," grumbled Lindsay, and left next morning for his home in the creeks.

There, in a bungalow built up on a framework of palm timber and furnished with crudely carpentered tables on which the word "Soap" made frequent if surprising appearances, he sprawled, two days later, on the floor. He had provided himself with a saw, some pieces of his inexhaustible supply of soap-boxes, and a large pot of black paint. All around was confusion, and a sound of hammering and hard swearing filled the air.

"Well, that's that," said Lindsay, finishing what he was doing and straightening his back. "And I think it looks very pretty too." Then he got into his canoe and paddled diligently off into the mangrove swamps.

And in due course the Senior Administrative Officer brought his dis-

tinguished visitor on a tour of inspection.

They were in a hurry and his launch was behaving very badly. *Chug, chug, chug*, went the obsolete engine, while the propellers stirred up the turbid waters.

"Can't you go a bit faster?" complained its owner. "We're in a hurry."

"Libber he be very shallow here," answered the navigator. "Better we be very careful."

"Well, keep a sharp look-out and for heaven's sake don't run aground."

They were nearing their destination at last, and the mangrove swamps were beginning to open out into a vista of dull-looking mudbanks.

"Look, Sah!" shouted the look-out man.

"Damn!" said the Senior Administrative Officer. "What on earth can a notice-board be doing in the middle of the river?"

"It's probably something important," added the visitor. "We'd better pull in a bit and see."

The bows of the launch turned towards the notice-board and, with a sickening sound that could only mean one thing, the boat came to a full stop.

The Senior Administrative Officer and his very distinguished guest shaded their eyes from the glaring sun to read a notice that told them everything they wanted to know:—

"By the time you have got near enough to read this notice you will realize that you are on a sandbank. This will teach you not to be so inquisitive."

In the bungalow Sambo the "steward boy" looked out across the creek.

"Massa he no come yet," he said. "Perhaps something go stop him."

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," said Lindsay, and poured himself out a gin-and-bitters.

The Happy Family.

WHEN brothers, though ill-assorted,

In harmony abide,

The fact should be duly reported

And blazoned far and wide;

And thus, for ethical reasons,

I wish to salute a quartet

Who have shared through sixteen seasons

A Bloomsbury maisonette.

There were times, when first I knew them,

When they played conflicting parts,

But none of the lures that drew them,

Affected their union of hearts;

For they were a "band of brothers,"

Through fortunes good or ill,

And I've never known any others

Who better filled that bill.



"13-STONE 3—A RETIRING DISPOSITION AND SHY WITH STRANGERS, BUT DO NOT GIVE WAY TO DESPONDENCY; WITH PERSEVERANCE YOU WILL GAIN YOUR 'EART'S DESIRE—FAVOURITE STONE, EMERALD."

Tom, then, was "crafty and arty";

Peter wrote blameless rhymes;

Jim was a regular "hearty"

Who listened to midnight chimes;

And John, who wore a toupet,

Left frivolous things in the lurch,

Was serious, inclined to be "groupy,"

And handed the plate in church.

To-day Tom worships the crooner

And, scorning brows that are

high,

He bids to SCHÖNBERG's lunar

Pierrot a long good-bye;

Jim has abandoned all whoopee,

And Peter all metrical rules,

And John drives a racing coupé

And dabbles in football-pools.

Yet in spite of the deviations

From the lives they formerly led,

The close fraternal relations

Have never been dropped or shed;

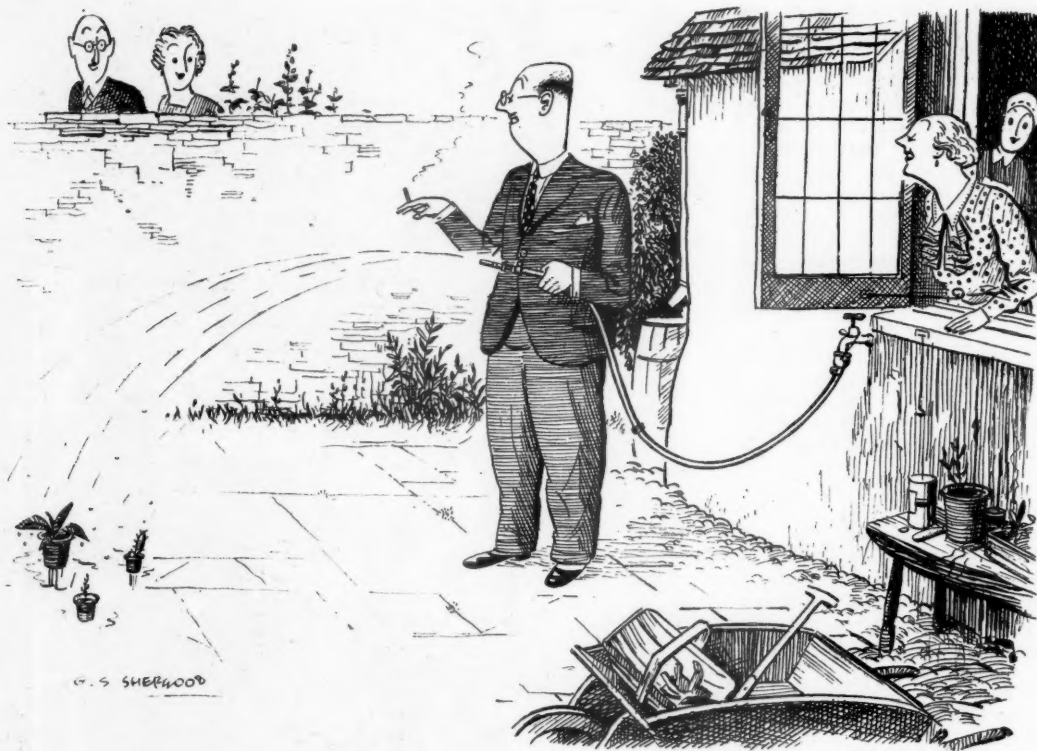
For they still are living together

With never a jar or jolt—

Birds of the finest feather

Without the sign of a moult.

C. L. G.



"I AM BUYING MY HOSE IN WEEKLY PARTS, AND I HAVE JUST FIXED THE SECOND WEEK'S PIECE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Prince of Beggars.

MR. JOHN GORE, who has written of *Nelson's Hardy and His Wife*, and edited the correspondence of the engaging CREEVEY, has now turned his hand to a memoir of *Sydney Holland, Lord Knutsford* (JOHN MURRAY, 7/6), who styled himself, with some justice, the "best beggar in Europe." The late Chairman of the London Hospital wrote an autobiography, and Mr. NEVILLE LANGTON a sketch of his life, both published during his life-time, so that he has already had more books written about his career than usually fall to the lot of even the most celebrated in so short a space of time. But the great-grandson of SYDNEY SMITH was an exceptionally interesting man, and not alone on account of his ancestry. His connection with the famous Canon was a double one, for the Lady HOLLAND to whom so much of SYDNEY SMITH'S correspondence was addressed was the first Lord KNUTSFORD'S step-mother. Then again SYDNEY HOLLAND'S own step-mother was the elder daughter of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, and therefore a niece of Lord MACAULAY, while his two great-aunts, MARY and LUCY, were the heroines of *Cranford*. Young SYDNEY'S school-days were not particularly successful. He was to have gone to Rugby, but failed to pass, and went to Wellington instead, as destined for the Army *via* Woolwich. But here again the examination proved an insurmountable hurdle, and he relapsed upon Trinity Hall and the Bar,

seeing "no other way of pleasing his father." It was not until 1888, at the age of thirty-three, that he may be said to have begun his life's work, partly by accident, which led to the entire reconstruction of the London Hospital and his administration of its growing resources for more than thirty years.

"— The Lovely Cottage."

Despite WORDSWORTH'S "Admonition" that the charm of a cottage departs when dwelt in by any but a cottager, there is surely much to be said for the man who repairs a derelict and lives in it without refrigerators and central heating. Even more praiseworthy are the people who, like the late Miss JEKYL and Mrs. ESTHER MEYNELL, discover a place where traditional craftsmanship still lingers, and—in so far as they are not benumbed by bylaws—build a new dwelling on the lines of the old. *Sussex Cottage* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 10/6) relates the latter lady's enterprise in this kind. It also records the insight into local history and character naturally fostered by relations with your own craftsmen, the neighbouring villages and your market town. The author travels perhaps a little far afield in time and place: flint implements and Knole Park widen a range whose discerning intimacy is its real strength. But Lewes in its noble amphitheatre of chalk reflowerishes at her pen's point, and her cottage-building is as sane as it is enthusiastic. For one thing, she wages successful war on the modern architect's superfluity of windows—a feat as aesthetically sound as it is hygienically impeccable.

Woods and Waters.

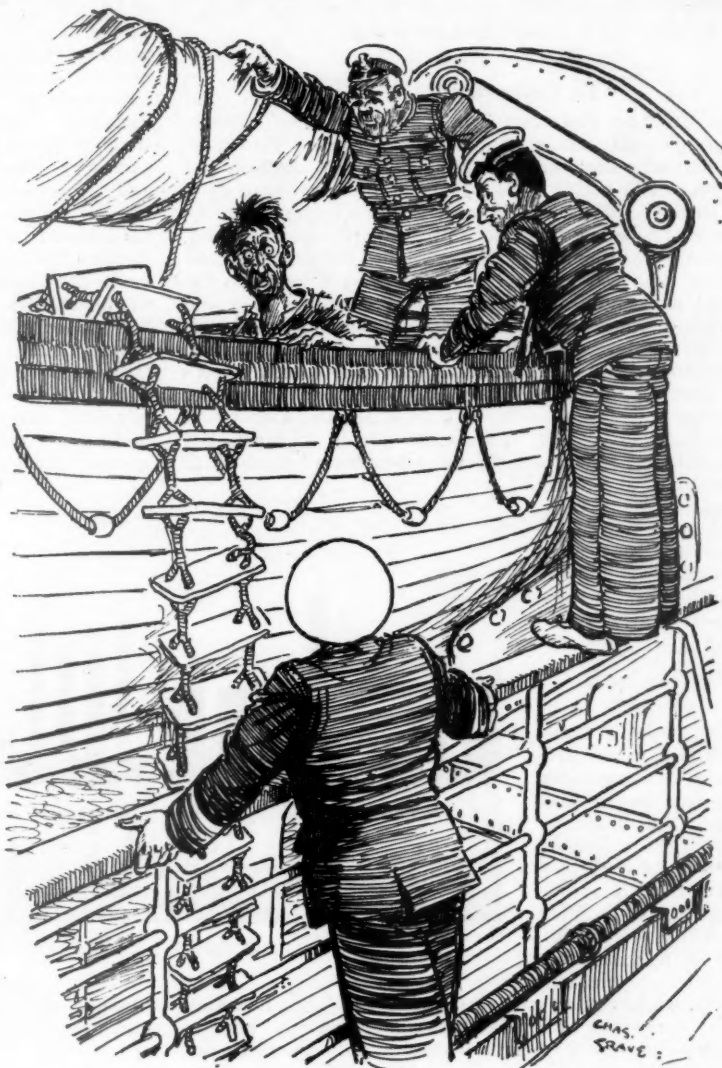
For every one of its inhabitants Finland provides about twenty-five acres of ground, for every fifty a mile of inland waterways, and for every thousand a theatre. This I gather from a volume in which even statistics are fascinating—*Finland: The New Nation* (FABER AND FABER, 12/6), by Miss AGNES ROTHERY. Nearly every house in this blessed and perspicacious land is perched up to get a view of pine forests and rivers. Its lakes and islands are past computation—as indeed are its mosquitoes—and in some districts servants still stipulate not to be fed on salmon more than twice a week. Other good things that the writer mentions are the huge red mushrooms salted down for Christmas, the universal weekly steam bath, the lack of slums, the quiet of the streets, the zest foreducation, SIBELIUS, and an undeniable genius for athletics. In her enthusiasm for a country which is very much her own discovery she makes even a winter of anything up to eight months seem no more than a part of the reasonable price to be paid for the clean virility which is Finland's undisputed heritage.

Roses all the Way.

There is so little social consideration for the arts in England—and the English genius, being for the most part born solitary, is perhaps better without it—that an account of the way they manage these things in France is full of illuminating contrasts. At first sight the world of Madame MARIE SCHEIKEVITCH, daughter-in-law of CAROLUS-DURAN, "niece" of ANATOLE FRANCE and "providential dove" to PROUST, would seem to offer striking facilities for the incubation of masterpieces. Such assiduity in the discovery of talent, such anxiety to exploit it, so many discerning publishers, such wealthy and charming Egerias! Hardly one of the clever men who flit through the pages of *Time Past* (BUTTERWORTH, 15/-) but possesses a devoted wife, a captivating inspirer or a consummate cook. Some have all three. On the debit side is the incessant bickering to which these varied relationships give rise. Madame SCHEIKEVITCH writes gracefully about her Russian childhood and illustrates her reminiscences with her own drawings of MUGNIER, ARTHUR BALFOUR, FORAIN and VALERY. But there is comparatively little to be gleaned of the artistic motives of her world and far too many bouquets of lilac and dishes of succulent lobster.

Fragments of the English Banquet.

It will come as a shock to the intelligentsia to be told that culture is a spark that flies upward, a contention soundly



Stowaway. "ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. I TRIED TO BOOK A FUST CLAWSS CABIN IN THIS SHIP SIX WEEKS AGO, BUT THEY TOLD ME SHE WAS FULL."

reinforced by Mr. ADRIAN BELL's admirable anthology of English country life. This deals in some two hundred extracts of prose and verse with a race that started "real" work young and with an unsophisticated zest; whose long days at home or afield fed body and spirit; who dignified a modest condition by making the best of it; and who, for the most part, ended, like HUDSON's Wiltshire shepherd, by asking nothing better than the old life over again. GEORGE BOURNE's Hampshire potter jostles GERTRUDE JEKYLL's West Surrey huswife; Mrs. CARLYLE's feats of butter-making vie with COBBETT's prodigious crop of melons. For class hardly enters into the matter—it is the attitude towards work that counts. I could have done without a few exotics. The only piece of flagrant exclusiveness I note is the omission of BARNES. And perhaps the *Water Baby* schoolmistress should have companioned the gentle successor who defied the educational steam-roller

until 1914? But, take it all in all, *The Open Air* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) is a book in a thousand.

"To Understand All . . ."

Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU writes equally well of business and people, and once again, in *Farewell Romance* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6)—his best novel, I think, since *Peter Jackson*—he interests us in both. This long story of a family of Jews and their friends is told in such a leisurely way that we have time to know them all and, through understanding, to like most of them more than we did in the first chapters. *Miriam*, who was crippled in the War by a bomb, is the central figure and her invalidism the central fact and problem-producer of the book. *David*, her husband, had, until he was forced into business relationship with *Judith*, been quite faithful. Mr. FRANKAU presents his case, *Miriam's* and that of her doctor (who had loved her before her marriage and was his own best friend) truly, kindly and unsentimentally. The *dénouement* which I must not divulge will, I fancy, surprise most people and cause them to turn back to admire the craftsmanship with which the author leads up to it. He has a wonderful technique and is a first-class story-teller.

Lawrences of Lucknow.

When a novelist turns biographer, we are apt to expect a framed and furnished life of the subject. This, in fact, is what we get in *Honoria Lawrence, A Fragment of Indian History* (MURRAY, 16/-). Mrs. MAUD DIVER is careful to set all the scenes and keep them before her readers, while serving out facts and dates with a bountiful hand. The wife of Sir HENRY LAWRENCE, the hero of Lucknow, is shown to have been a charming person, but her individual activities were necessarily commonplace beside those of her husband. The author eventually comes to recognize this and accordingly devotes the second half of her book entirely to him—a circumstance which inclines one to suggest that he might perhaps with advantage have been included in the title. The volume makes easy and lucid reading, especially in those portions which deal with the daily life of Europeans in India in pre-Mutiny times. But what is one to make of the publisher's scale of values, as indicated by the following remark on the dust-cover: "This is true history and biography, but it is better than any romantic fiction."

The Professional Fanatic.

Mr. ARNOLD HASKELL's little handbook, *Prelude to Ballet* (NELSON, 3/6), is a competent and readable exposition of the essential principles of the ballet as evolved from the classic model, and enriched by the experiments and achievements

of DIAGHILEV and his creative co-operators and successors. The author analyses clearly the relations between the component parts—dancing and miming technique, music, *décor* and costume harmonised under the inventive autocratic choreographer. "Choreography is the orchestration of dancing." A brief account of the work of dancing apprenticeship (with warnings to fond impatient parents!), a summary table of landmarks in evolution and recent history, and a glossary of the more important technical terms provide the student with an apparatus for sorting and consolidating his isolated scraps of knowledge. If the author had disciplined his enthusiasms and kept his moods and appraisements of the moment out of his text he would have improved the logical structure of his manual. Still, he has produced a book for which lovers of the Ballet should be properly grateful. Mr. HASKELL's *The Balletoman's Scrap-Book* (BLACK, 7/6) gives us no more than his title suggests. The reproductions are on too small a scale to be illuminating, the subjects often trivial. Here is one way of making the Cult ridiculous to the balanced observer and undoing much serious and valuable work in its service.

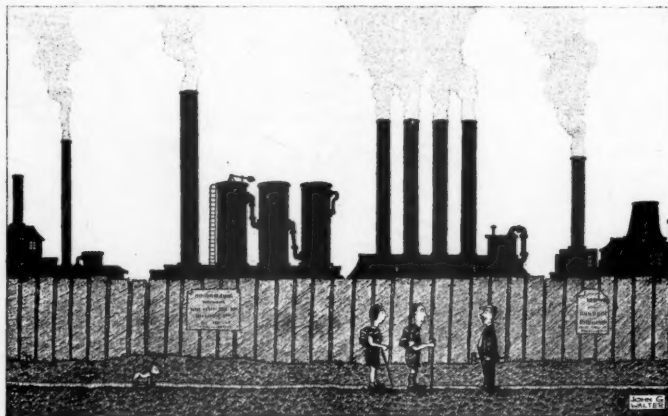
Multum in Parvo.

Introduced most happily by Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON, *Nature in Britain* (BATSFORD, 5/-) is a volume which deserves a place in all school libraries. It is of course impossible in a book of fewer than 250 pages to deal comprehensively with such a vast subject, but the amount of information palatably given in the limited space cannot fail to stimulate the interest of old and young alike. All of the contributors, whether writing of animals,

birds, reptiles, insects, trees, flowers or fungi, are specialists, and, apart from saying that some are more expert in the art of compression than others, I have nothing except praise for them, both as a team and as individuals. In his chapter, "Tree and Shrub Life," Mr. R. ST. BARBE BAKER pleads eloquently for "tree-consciousness in the community as a whole." Surely this is a plea that will be supported by everyone who realizes how ruthlessly our countryside has been, and is still being, denuded of one of its greatest beauties. Some 140 illustrations, admirably produced, are included in this latest addition to The Pilgrims' Library.

Cricket in a Good Cause.

THE Annual Cricket Match, Actors v. Musicians, will be played next Monday, July 27th, at the Hampstead Cricket Club, Lymington Road, Finchley Road. Of the numerous side-shows, "Fishing for Fizz" and "Hoop-La for Sherry" will perhaps be as popular as any. Admission costs one shilling, and the proceeds of the day's play go to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund.



"NO, YOUNG MAN, THIS ISN'T 'GREENFIELD ROAD, THIS IS 'HONEYSUCKLE LANE'."

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